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THE

TRIUMPHALE,

POETICAL HISTORY

OF THE

SUCCESSIVE TRIUMPHS

OF THE

RECORDER

OVER THE

FREE PRESS,

IN FOUR PARTS.

Arma virumque cano. —— *Virgil.*

Halifax, N. S.

PRINTED AND FOR SALE AT THE

RECORDER OFFICE.

1820.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

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PREFACE.

The controversy, of which the following poem is a metrical record, is fresh in the remembrance of us all. During its progress it engaged so large a share of our attention, that the leading characters on both sides are not yet forgotten, and it would be superfluous to explain the motives or object of either. In the Recorder we all recollect Doodledoo, Sebastian, the Ruralist, "M," the Director, Verberator, Cochraniculus—and in the Free Press Acadiensis, Occidentalis, Agricoliculus, Modestus, Mentor, Amicus, Julian—with many others of inferior note. After a desperate struggle, the Free Press were completely routed, and quietly succumbed to the crowings of the victor. They were then foolishly timorous; Dr. Cochran's name at full length alarmed them before—but now that respectable gentleman and his associates, with a filial obedience, are determined to persevere at all risks.

I admit, that this second contest they have courted, and in which hitherto they have only exposed themselves, gave birth to the Triumphale. I have many causes of personal dislike to the Free Press, independent of the abhorrence which I entertain for its views and general bearing. I planned nearly a year ago a poem of this kind; but about that time the Free Press gave in, and I thought them sufficiently humbled—nor would it ever have been executed, had it not been for this new attempt to disturb the common peace.

They are trying if they can in any way put a stop to our agricultural improvement, by a regular plan of opposition: and the reason is that it is going on without any assistance from themselves. Every body is satisfied that they are an envious, snarling and dangerous faction. They boast of their public spirit, and they have never given us one proof of it—of their intelligence, although on many subjects they have been convicted of downright ignorance—and of their utility, though there does not at this

moment exist a single institution or improvement, the fruit of their labours. Had Agricola appeared in their paper, every body believes that he would have been extolled beyond all endurance; and his only fault is, that he has raised their rival too much above them. Their pretensions now of regard for our agriculture are quite disgusting; and no one ever thinks of giving them credit for half of what they lay claim to.

These are the grounds of my dislike to the Free Press; and they are sufficient, I think, to justify all I have said of them.—As a piece of composition I am sensible the poem has many defects—and for these I must entreat the indulgence of the reader. The greater part of the three last cantos has been written during the last week; and as I consider it merely an ephemeral and hasty effort, I shall not pretend either to excuse or defend its faults. The Free Press, I dare say, will be very witty about them; and as petty errors and small criticism are just on a level with their capacities, I give them full liberty to indulge themselves.

I had almost forgotten to return my thanks to the Editors for their handsome offer to insert the second canto, after it had been rejected by Mr. Holland from prudence, and by Mr. Munro from fear. I am afraid it was only a hoast—under the idea that the poem would never more be heard of. And in fact after I had prevailed on Mr. Holland to print it in this shape, I tried their happy *insensibility* or *stupidity* (which I put in Italics after their own manner) by causing an advertisement to be sent them last Monday, that the Triumphale was in the press—which advertisement they refused to insert, although it was of course to be paid for. They delayed the publication thereby one day—a short respite.

One word about myself. In the body of the poem, I have hinted that I may perhaps celebrate the second Campaign, as I have sung the first. Although this is my present intention, yet I shall not give any distinct promise. The contest wears so fierce an appearance, that there is no saying where it will end. The Reverend gentleman at the head of the body is already involved; and I would not be sorry to see the whole confederacy out before it is done yet. In that case the fifth and sixth cantos would have a new zest.

I am aware that the first question everywhere will be, who am I? This is a very natural curiosity,

but it is my business to disappoint it. One gentleman, however, will be infallibly suspected, perhaps openly pointed at; for the Free Press would fain persuade the public that they have no enemy but the one. In justice to myself and in compliance with a request of my printer, I shall therefore make this one specific explanation—that I am neither Mr. Young; nor am I personally connected, in any way whatsoever, with him or his family.

THE AUTHOR.

February 17th, 1820.

THE

TRIUMPHALE, &c.

CANTO I.

AGRICOLA'S conquests in the field of fame,
A grateful tribute from the muses claim ;
What sceptic theories his pen o'erthrew—
What mighty hosts his allies did subdue—
How the *Free Press* 'gainst the *Recorder* fought,
And in the fray their own destruction wrought.
Of these my song—nor be my labour vain,
The muse shall aid me with the epic strain.

From fruitful vales in Scotia's generous clime
The hero came—nor distant was the time ;
In rural arts and agriculture skill'd,
His breast with patriotic fervour fill'd,
Far other scenes in this hesperian zone,
He saw around, than are in Europe known—
Took'd o'er Acadia with a strange surprize,
And hop'd his favourite wish to realize—
To sweep the tenants from the trackless waste,
Which there in sport prolific nature plac'd ;
The haunts of savage animals to spoil,
And golden crops to gather from the soil ;
And from Acadia wipe the odious stain—
That rural labours on her fields were vain—
On varied schemes as various years revolv'd
He balanc'd, weigh'd, reflected and resolv'd ;
Until at last the generous plan was form'd,
Then fears and prejudice alike were storm'd ;
The auspicious dawn in rural lays was sung,
And to PAEANS to the patriot rung.

Of various import—but of equal name
Forth letter first to reconnoitre came :
Through woods and wilds and Editors it past,
And none presumed its splendour to o'ercast;
Such too the second—when the third appear'd
A secret murmer from the *Press* was heard ;

The fourth was fraught with spirit, strength and force,
And gather'd int'rest as it sped its course;
The fifth was pregnant with unnumber'd charms
And ev'ry soul partook of strange alarms—
Some to condemn—some to applaud prepared,
And desp'rate war was instantly declared.

The first applause was from a child of song,
That boldly ventur'd from the motley throng.
No coward he—though vanquish'd in the war,
Betray'd and stabb'd by aid de camp Segar,—
Yet did not blush his eulogy to own,
And in the game "a Ruralist" was known.—
First to condemn—a wight of matchless fame,
Chief of the *Press* "Acadiensis" came;
A pow'rful pen he drew for Master Ward,
And noxious venom squirted at the bard;
Full on the destin'd victim (strange to tell)
With fitful force the sacred unction fell—
An inspiration from the muse it drew,
And sharp retort and angry answer flew;
But fam'd Segar (with dose of spittle juice
In cockfights known to be of mighty use)
Invidious blasted ev'ry glowing line,
And sacrific'd the bard at envy's shrine.

Nor yet the fates decreed the strife to end,
(The fates in war officiously attend)
Haply for fame—for the Recorder too,
Some vagrant drops had sprinkl'd "DOODLEDOO:"
Of pow'r unequal'd, and of wond'rous skill,
To grace the fight he brought his magic quill.

* * * * * * *

The threatn'd vengeance on his foe descends,
Sure death his weapon in its flight attends;
To foil the foe a mace of ——— he held,
And from his side the pointless darts repell'd:—
From either now unsparing onset came,
Whilst hosts enlisted in the doubtful game,—
Chief after chief 'gainst Doodledoo were led,
And in the conflict each successive bled;
Still with the hope of vict'ry they burn'd,
And still defeated to the fight return'd;—
Sneers, personalities, each shift they brought,
And in despair still unabashed they fought.

Meantime the letters from Agricola's pen
Spread far and wide to each sequester'd glen;

Where'er their genial influence was shed,
Old errors trembled; they new truths display'd.
Where'er the spirit which they breathed was fir'd,
There were new wishes and new hopes inspir'd.
All Novatians blush'd with conscious shame,
And for new systems, advocates became.

First to retreat was "Pelegree" the learn'd,
Who growing corn in winter's snow discern'd;
But not still he could boast of many a scar
On him bestow'd amidst the gath'ring war;
From weakness, pain, peril and dismay,
The stubborn foe inglorious fled away;
And Doodledoo, the terrible, the great,
Skill'd in manœuvres hung on his retreat.—
But the Free Press reluctant still to yield,
Another leader summon'd to the field;
Call'd on the noblest of their warrior train,
To share the fight, nor was their call in vain;
The ablest chiefs their galaxy could boast
Led on th' advance and cheer'd the savage host;
In iron masks impenetrably dark,
Adepts in strife, the Editors embark.

Nor to confound their secret ambuscade
Was the *Recorder* destitute of aid;
To watch the outposts, or the flanks to guard,
With a reserve "Sebastian," stood prepar'd:
Impatient each to hear the bugles call,
And on th' alert, in expectation all.

"Modestus" bent on treacherous design
Led to the field the strong embattl'd line—
Behind him came in terrible array
The learned "Mentor," hero of his day;
The first assay'd with arrows dipt in oil,
The lion victor, Doodledoo to foil—
As showers of hail disolve in hissing flame
The harmless weapons on the victim came:
Nor were the missiles more effectual play'd,
When Mentor urg'd them with officious aid.

Success far diff'rent waits on Doodledoo;
On either foe his shafts insatiate flew
Resistless, keen, and with unerring aim,
Each as a death blow from the victor came.—
When the "Director" for Agricola fired
With gen'rous ardour for the cause inspired,
Came to consummate Mentor's overthrow,
And told the secret purpose of the foe.

'Reft of his mask, and of his hopes bereft,
When no resource but hasty flight was left;
The classic mantle which had veil'd the cheat
Aside he threw to cover his retreat:
But though contending with a gen'rous foe
Nought could avail, nor yet the victim go:—
Before his eye the motto was displayed,
His hints rejected and his ends betrayed,
Confounded, conscious of his guilt he stood,
And to escape had ev'n confess'd it good,
Still with Modestus hop'd he might retire,
But both 'mid hisses did at last expire.
Nor better fortune did the rest await,
Whole troops at once were sacrific'd to fate.
Like some large mastiff, fury every inch,
Long "Thwackum" came determined not to flinch;
At distance due the shaggy monster stood,
And mad with choler snarl'd in angry mood:
But nought avail'd him, when the champion scowl'd;
He turn'd, and ran, and yelp'd, and whining, and howl'd;
Then stood afar, and dar'd to single fight,
As if the challenge bid his wretched flight:
Yet while he hinted at the threatning sword
With timid caution fear'd to speak the word—
Just dared his hapless fortune to bewail,
And felt behind lest he had lost his tail.

Nor had Agricola relax'd his rage
Against *his* foes in many a nervous page,—
At ev'ry point the sceptics were annoy'd,
In ev'ry quarter were the woods destroy'd;
Huge massy trees that in the forest rear'd
Their giant forms—abruptly disappear'd—
Oak, ash and beech promiscuously were hewed
And trees and errors were alike subdued.
The ancient tenants that for ages stood
The pride and wonder of th' Acadian wood,
A willing homage to Agric'la paid,
And into rural implements were made.

End of Canto 1st.

CANTO II.

NOW whilst Agricola urg'd his enterprise,
His readers taught each soil to analyze;
Vain speculations in their haunts o'erturn'd,
While all partook the zeal with which he burn'd;
Invested marshes, chang'd the course of rills
And on their banks erected oat-meal mills;
Diffus'd a stream of scientific light,
Far thro' the chaos of Acadian night;
The sable gloom of ignorance dispell'd,
And in the midst of strife, from strife withheld;
Disdain'd to mingle in th' ignoble fray,
And calm and dignified pursu'd his way.—
In vain the Free Press hop'd he'd turn aside,
In vain his views they labour'd to deride:
Firm on his dazzling height, he look'd below,
And silent smiled upon his worthless foe.

Disturb'd, defeated, baffl'd and amazed,
The wrang'ling Editors around them gazed;
A parly sounded and a treaty feign'd,
Till reinforcements were anew obtain'd.
All, who could e'en the feeblest succour lend,
To aid the cause, were summon'd to attend—
To each Conductor was the task assign'd
To boast (vile insult on the public mind,)
How they alone could public virtue feel,
And they alone consult the public weal;
And their "extended circulation" shew'd,
How much the public to their genius owed—
Some in the field great "Anthony" to dare,
To wield the lance, and animate the war;
Some to conduct the horrible campaign,
And some (hard fate) to perish on the plain.
Unconcious of their doom, the victims came,
Unskill'd in warfare and unknown to fame;
Each with the hope of victory was fill'd,
So fate decreed, and so the furies will'd.

What pow'rs of verse, what numbers could unfold,
The nameless chiefs, no annals have enroll'd,
That fought and fell to multiply the slain,
And swell th' inglorious catalogue in vain.

Yet with the muse are some memorials left,
In elder days she from oblivion reft.
Of these are some that might indulgence claim,
Already damn'd to everlasting fame.—
Their frenzied ghosts uprising from the tomb,
Still shed around a melancholy gloom—
Gaunt, meagre spirits—spectre like and wan,
The forms of Death, the effigies of man:
Their names are gone—nought can their mem'ry save
Consign'd to Lethés' dark oblivious wave.

High in commond o'er the ingorious pack,
"Occidentalis" urg'd the fierce attack.
No sterner warrier fell on Waterloo
Than this insatiate foe to Doodledoo.
Brisk he advanced; but when his name unveil'd
Was seen, a thousand fears his heart assail'd,
And to his inmost soul the vet'ran quail'd.

With equal ire, but of unequal might,
Came "Julian" next, to grace the martial fight;
Flush'd with high hopes and visionary schemes,
Already won the promised conquest seems;
With awful rage he flourish'd round his brand,
And hosts had fallen—had they been at hand;
Yet tried to hide with Editorial art,
The inward workings of his tainted heart:
Sure of success, he dreaded no defeat,
Nor saw that soon o'ercome he must retreat.
He, like th' imperial apostate stood,
And like him too, was in his turn subdu'd;
Now seen now hid like some illusive star,
"Sebastian" eyed him in the ming'ling war,
And seiz'd the craven, hurl'd him to the ground,
Then pierc'd his heart, false, hollow and unsound.

Nor with the muse is "Amicus" forgot,
A dastard too, but of inferior note;
His pointless arrows, awkward in the game,
He flung by chance—back on himself they came;
By guess he threw—but knew not where nor why,
Yet seem'd delighted if he saw them fly;
With clumsy gesture and unskill'd in fight,
In ev'ry blow he dealt his harmless might.—
'Tis thus that men try what can ne'er succeed,
And lame by nature, strain their utmost speed;
'Tis not enough that some are fools when born,
There are that strive to be the public scorn.

These chiefs and more, that time would fail to tell,
Beside vast legions that unnoted fell;
To guard the *Press* or mingle in the fray,
Concenter'd stood in terrible array—
Death in their front and ruin in their rear,
And like a fiend, beside them stood despair;
Grim, ghastly, lean and horrible to view,
Her lips grew pale, and mutter'd Doodledoo.--
Nor to oppose this hostile furious band,
Did the Recorder weak or helpless stand.
To join the war and in the triumph share,
With "Doodledoo," "Sebastian" did prepare;
The car triumphal each in turn ascends,
Sure Death on that, and Victory this attends.

Like some fair cloud amidst the black'ning storm
Next milder "Fabius" show'd his friendly form.
As streams of lightning bursting from the skies,
Indignant feeling sparkled in his eyes,
And flashing shot a lustre on the shade
Where lay Modestus in close ambuscade.—
Against his foe a triple line he led,
His foe defeated to new ambush fled;
But Fabius follow'd, and he fled in vain.
In glitt'ring armour such as poets feign,
(Of varied texture exquisitely wrought,
The gods' array when they with devils fought,)
Of danger reckless and of vaunting free,
Yet more relentless than the Mede's decree,
He caught his victim, weaken'd by despair,
And sacrific'd him to the shade of BLAIR.

As when the huntsman from the mountain brow
The dun deer eyes far in the vale below;
With the shrill horn a long tantara sounds
And for the chace collects the scatter'd hounds.
The hounds, the hunter, and the bounding steed
Swift as the wind along the mountain speed:
Although dire omens the result foretell,
They ride o'er cairn and mound, and rock, and dell;
And eager all (for all alike are vain,
The proudest honors of the hunt to gain)
To urge the course and join the murd'ring chace,
That fame might note them in the sylvan race,
Till lost in triumph at th' approaching deed
(For each in fancy sees the victim bleed,)
'Tis hurry, hurry to the destin'd spot
And rock, and steep, and danger are forgot.—
Ah! sad reverse! the awful huntress sate
With frown severe, and unrelenting hate.

Aloft beheld, hard press'd her fav'rite deer
And stood resolv'd to arrest th' impending spear;
With deadly spell intoxicates the brain
And leads them onward by a magic chain.
Some down the dreadful precipice she flung—
Some on the cliffs to writhe in torture hung—
Some down the glen with fearful haste were borne—
And some to fragments on the rocks were torn.—
Men, dogs and horses in so short a space
All joyous, ardent, eager on the chace,
Sent from the present to the future world,
And down the steep in mangled atoms hurl'd.

Such is a picture of th' ill fated host,
Of which the Free Press once could gayly boast.
Ah! dupes of malice! what a curse is pride,
And doubly curs'd whene'er the nine deride;
And what is hope? A vision—What is fame;
A midnight phantom of uncertain aim.
Well could the muse recount a train of ills,
Which the full measure of their fortune fills.
Each varied scheme still in abortion ends,
This infamy, and ruin that attends.
A few perhaps might pity wish to spare,
But vengeance claim'd of each an equal share.
Though some assay'd with eloquence to charm
The fiend that o'er them bar'd his crimson arm;
Yet nought avail'd—whate'er their diff'rent aim
The furies will'd their destinies the same.

End of Canto 2d.

CANTO III.

YE muses say—for unto you is known
What warriors fought and fighting were o'erthrown;
Who from the *Press* to join the mortal fray
Bold heroes came and dastards fled away;
Who fell with glory—who inglorious fell,
The muse did note them and the muse can tell.—

Skilled in the fight, and in disguises skill'd,
With sanguine hopes the Editors were fill'd;—
For now they deem that Julian's injured name
Requires some victim to avenge his shame;
Still bent on war the *columns* they arrange,
And inward spite for outward hate exchange.
New leaders all, and all new conscripts come,
Some critics, allies, correspondents some,
No Mentors, Julians or Modestus' none—
Deserters all or to oblivion gone.
No churlish Thwackum now to stand afar,
And grin indignant at the growing war—
But prompt to lend them his auxiliar aid,
Or in the tumult grace the cavalcade,
A piteous wretch devoid of ev'ry claim
To gen'rous feeling or poetic name,
His suborn'd spleen assay'd to mould in rhyme
He doubtless deem'd melodious as sublime.
With strong desire and with a foul embrace
He forc'd the muse to frame his own disgrace;
So great his wit he thought to vanquish all—
Nor till he tried it, knew it was so small;
Like Grecian wrestler did his limbs anoint,
And satire threw as if he lent it point—
" Where is" he cries " that Scottish rhyming elf,
" Worse than the rude Agricola himself;—
" Curse him I think his jargon more provoking
" Than any raven ever I heard croaking.
" Now on my soul, as sure as God's in Heav'n,
" I'll have this wretch from Nova-Scotia driv'n."
Presumptuous fool! the muse resolv'd t' avenge—
Truth thus perverted to an end so strange;
(Perverted too with prostituted fire
To damn the poet and disgrace the lyre)
Withdrew for ever her inspiring aid,
And to the Scottish elf her charms display'd—

Commanded " M." to vindicate her cause,
And from pollution free her injur'd laws.

Like some worn spectre from the vaulted aisles
Where o'er his victims death in triumph smiles,
Torn by remorse and with an idiot stare
Of mix'd effrontery and real dispair,
Void of the nobler qualities of man
Sat counsellor " Types" amid the stern divan.—
Whene'er his masters' weary of their toils
Retired from war to count their worthless spoils ;
To him (high rank) the consulship's resign'd
With pow'r to act as suits his empty mind.
The venal caitiff eagerly obey'd
And urg'd the task with mercenary aid—
On this side hatred, and on that was spleen
And all the torments of a vile chagrin.
To serve them he his feeble soul devotes
And spew'd it out in Editorial notes.—
The *sevenfold* mask which Editors conceal'd
Veil'd him awhile but prov'd a treacherous shield.
Sebastian saw it, the device he knew
And from the chief a shaft unerring flew.
The fatal arrow soon its victim found
And pierc'd the corslet which the craven bound,
And pois'nous venom issued from the wound.

Next, as the ocean with tremendous roar
Leaps high and beats Acadia's trembling shore ;
As surge on surge in liquid mountains rise
And tides concenter'd scoop the yielding skies ;
As fruitless billows from the beach recoil
And 'mong the rocks in whirling eddies boil—
So raging, restless, unavailing, vain
Ran streams of stink from Falmouth's sacred fane.
Fumes, gas, and nonsense, nauseous, rank and wild
" Agricoliculus" with care compil'd ;
Arrang'd his stinkpots in coacentric rows,
And at Agricola hurl'd the noxious dose :
But " Cochraniculus" beheld the flood
Come slowly moving down the Windsor Road ;
Within him zeal for Agriculture burn'd,
And fumes, and ordure whence they came return'd.
To Windsor forest bends with ample stride
And in a grove which frowns o'er Avon's side
(So that Agricoliculus the vile
Might end in gas) he rear'd a fun'ral pile,
And (Heavens what wreck) on this infernal pyre
Putrescent masses smould'ring did expire ;

The air's corrupted by th' infectious steam—
Polluted ashes taint the neighbouring stream;
All from that hour the cursed spot forsook
And ever since, 'tis call'd "the Doctor's nook"

But though th' avenging muse with dark'ning blot
Record the names that else had been forgot;
On such ignoble foes Agricola smit'd—
Whilst like some cliff in awful greatness piled
That hangs incumbent o'er the foaming deep,
Where skilful mariners their vigils keep;
He brav'd alike the tempest and the tide,
At once Acadia's combatant and pride.

By fame deserted, and by none forgiven
From post to post the Editors were driven;
Of courage, hope, and energies bereft
The field of fame they had for ever left:—
Had not a shade to life again return'd
And with delusive hopes again they burn'd.
Full at the hero a huge mass he hurl'd,
Nigh shook the centre of the western world.

* * * * * * *

Majestic, noble, dignified and calm,
Ha' Doodledoo contended for the palm,
Till now—his soul in kindling anger woke
And to Sebastian thus the hero spoke:—
Illustrious colleague, of the fates belov'd
In counsel knowing as in war approv'd,
No earthly pow'r the Editors shall free,
Their doom is fix'd, relentless the decree;
Justice the balance of th' eternal throne
O'er them has hung in the celestial zone—
Not (such our will) could aught on earth avail,
On pity's side t' incline the rising scale.
Ev'n should Agricola sue for them again
His supplication shall for once be vain.
Six days I'll wait and on the seventh morn
I shall expose them to the public scorn;
As writers, authors, now their triumph's o'er
Men they may be—but damn'd for evermore.

He said, and long Sebastian answer'd nought,
But stood unmov'd and seem'd absorb'd in thought;
A gloom of pleasure sparkled in his eyes,
And with calm dignity he thus replies:—
Immortal chief, of virtue, justice, fame,
Thy stern awards an equal portion claim.
A gen'rous feeling still o'er thee presides,
Thy sense of duty 'gainst thy heart divides.

Men they may be—but from true manhood far,
If so in peace they're children in the war.
No—unto you and to the world is known
What cowardly panics unlike men they own.
Have they not oft 'gainst the *Recorder* led
Repeated hosts which as repeated fled,
Till now they tremble if thy name appears
And ev'n for mine they quake with conscious fears.

Then hear me chief, a shadow or a dream,
More equal match than you or me they'll deem.
What time the moon to gild th' expiring day,
A globe of silver rises o'er the bay—
Then send thy shadow, "Peregrinus" send
Illusive aid the Editors to lend.
For now they know not substances from shades,
So much their cunning oft defeated fades.—
He said—was done—the hero gave assent,
And Peregrinus to the press was sent;—
A welcome guest—for all were welcome made
However feeble that would lend them aid.
If man they hail him as a noble prize,
If *beast*, his *paws* they richly eulogize.

End of Canto 3d.

CANTO IV.

As when a school boy weary of his toys,
Yields to disgust and idly some destroys;
Some worn with use, some without use grow stale,
And all alike to please his fancy fail;
Flings them aside—their novelty is o'er,
No matter what, and fondly cries for more;
And if perchance some trifles he obtain,
A top or kite to play he goes again.
To him the play thing, recent from the store
Has charms exceeding all that's gone before;
Extolls awhile, and then awhile he plays,
And so a day, or who can tell for days;
When night arrives he treats them with disdain,
And for some novelty is ripe again.

Such was the plan the Editors pursued,
Whene'en their warmest allies were subdu'd;
They gain'd no pension for their martial deeds,
But graced the list of vanquish'd invalids;
Modestus, Mentor, Julian, Thawckum too
And all that came to combat Doodledoo;
Acadiensis ev'n the great *unknown*
Had small remembrance when his aid was gone.
Whoe'er they were or what, it matter'd not
When vanquish'd once, they were at once forgot.
Their *former* names they left without a sigh
And new ones forg'd to hide their infamy.—

But if perchance some vagrant stranger came,
They eager gave him Editorial fame—
So "Peregrinus," when he join'd their cause
Had labour'd periods fram'd upon his *paws*.
They fondly dream'd they might for once at least
Applaud with safety the illustrious *beast*;
And for a combat quite impatient grew
That he might crush that devil Doodledoo—
Already doom'd to perish like a spider
Beneath the claws of this ideal leader.
Strange blindness this! they blame e'en while they praise
And though two objects, but on one they gaze.

I once had hopes (how oft our hopes are vain,)
Ere now to close this long and length'ning strain:
But no! My *bantling* yet must longer live
A richer feast the Editors to give.
And prove more worthy of the sire it knew,
Ere it shall bid to such ungrateful crew
A welcome —— perhaps a last adieu.

Now thin as gasses and as æther light,
The *dear illusion* came to grace the fight.
From Doodledoo an equal space he held
Alike attracted, and alike repell'd;
On this side now and now on that he danc'd,
Retreating now, and now again advanc'd.
As when some hound the fleetest of the pack
Outruns the stag and strives to force him back,
Now unresolv'd, and now resolv'd appears
To grasp his prey, yet still to grasp him fears;
Round him and round before and now behind
Inclin'd to bite, and not to bite inclin'd;
Fond now to seize him, fonder not to seize
And whilst securring give him his release.
Such Doodledoo and Peregrinus such,
This oft presuming, dar'd not that to touch.—
Or as the meteors round the polar star
Flit o'er the orb and then retreat afar;
Illumine, dance, and flutter in the sky
Now seem to stand, and now as lightning fly,
So Doodledoo and Peregrinus came
Close and more close, till now they are the same!

Prophetic ken has mark'd the world dissolv'd
The globe in ruins, elements convolv'd;
Great empires change, and cities first in fame
Cease to exist or but exist in name.
Where mountains stood, the liquid plain extends
And ample river midst the desert ends;
O'er spacious isles the swelling surge is borne
And oceans channel from its reign is torn,
Creation heaves, the fates her plan derange
And nature teems with universal change;
Before the fiat of the King Supreme
Visuvius, Ætna burn in quenchless flame.—
If such confusion may at last arise,
And mingle earth and ocean with the skies,
Why need we marvel at the change less dark
Which now eclips'd the Editorial spark,
And damn'd the Press ne'er to ascend again,
Unless as now to grace satiric strain.

Sacred to thee, Agricola, belong'
The softer tones of this ephemeral song.
Thy injured worth and thy insulted fame
This simple tribute from the muses claim.
(The muse in soft and sympathizing lays
To suff'ring virtue of her homage pays.)
Her's is the task to twine the civic wreath,
A grateful people's lib'ral to bequeath
Thy ardent hopes, thy patriotic zeal,
Hate cannot stain, nor shall oblivion veil—
Thine are the bays, and thine the laurels too,
The poet's glory—but the patriot's due.

When these brown forests shall be swept away
And Ceres o'er Acadia's woodland sway;
When years elapse and yonder mountain dun
Shall wave its golden harvests in the sun;
When hill and vale shall be with pastures clad
And o'er the landscape bleating flocks are spread;
When time revolves and men of mightiest note,
Nay ev'n when king and conq'rors are forgot—
Agric'la's courage, and Agric'la's skill
In spite of spite, shall be remember'd still.—
From age to age thy mem'ry shall descend,
And scarcely fail when time itself shall end;
The young shall listen whilst the old shall tell
What wars and triumphs in their days befell,
What hosts of envious harpies, dæmons dire
Against thee fought in complicated ire;
How *seven* wise sages to oppose thee came
Centaurs by birth and Editors by name;
In triple masks equivocally veil'd,
Assail'd thy theories and thyself assail'd;
And though their labour prov'd but fruitless toil,
They labour'd still thy enterprize to foil;
They still assay'd to blast thy rising fame
And damn the glories of thy deathless name.—

Avail'd it ought? did they such glory win,
As tempts them thus a second to begin?
If nought the first, will aught the next avail?
Yes—from it springs my bantling Triumphate,
And springs to tell how Doodledoo the great
Against them stood the messenger of fate,
The crimson flag of awful wrath unfurl'd
And to destruction mighty warriors hurl'd—
To tell, what heroes in the war were slain,
And who inglorious fled from the campaign,
Pursued, defeated, driven from post to post,
Cut off from fame, and in perdition lost.—

To tell the triumphs of Agricola's pen,
Which tower'd sublime o'er valley, waste and fen,
Swept frowning forests from the mountain's side,
And art and science scatter'd far and wide :
Which rous'd ourselves and did our neighbours rouse
And Canada the sacred flame avows ;
The States, St. Andrews, Montreal, St. John
The genial spirit of his writings own ;
And future times will bless the hour when first
Agricola forth from his retirement burst.
Much still remains, the muse forbids to tell,
This second struggle may new cantos swell,—
But now enough—Agricola fare thee well.

End of Canto 4th.